





## LIFE AND DEATH.

## How a Wag Tricked the Parsons.

A late French Magazine contains an article about a "wag" who had tricked the parsons. It is a very good story, and is worth reading. The wag was a man who had been a parson, and had been tricked by a woman. The story is as follows:

"You tell me good-bye—where are you going?"

"Where my country calls me—to the battlefield. I have been an ungrateful fellow to remain behind so long."

A thin came over her eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Evans. And perhaps I shall never see you again?"

"If you never should, you would realize when my staff fell before you, just what I have always been to you. But something within me tells me that a power above that of earth, will hurl all dangers from around me. I feel that it will be so, because I shall pray so fervently that God will spare me; that He will bring me back safely to my little girl, and because I know she will pray for me."

His low, solemn voice accorded well with the solemnity in her heart. There arose before her mind a vision of the far-off battlefield, the roar of cannon and the flowing of blood. Her soul sickened. She feared he would read her agony in her face.

"Yes, I will pray for you. Leave me now—I would rather that we should part here in the solemn stillness of these mighty woods."

"It will be best, perhaps. The dark, and forest is emblematic of our present—the warmth and sunshine lying beyond it, is the future. We have not come to that yet—it will come to us when we are fully prepared for it. I have faith and hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Another word she could not have uttered, and he waited to hear no other. It seemed but a moment ere his form was hidden from her view, and she was left alone with the dead serpent at her feet. She felt like throwing herself prostrate on the ground, and weeping out the agony that had fastened itself upon her; but she only turned away, slowly retracing her steps: her eyes tearful, her face wan and ghastly.

Gerard Reynolds met her at the gate, took her hand with the fond tenderness of an accepted lover, and chided her for her pale, weary face.

"You have over-exerted yourself, my love. I wish you would give up these long, lonesome walks."

"I have been frightened, Gerard. I shall not go walking in those woods again for months. I came so near losing my life—I should have lost it, but for Mr. Evans."

Then she told him in a few concise words her peril and escape. They were seated in the parlor by this time, his arm around her, and her head drawn down upon his breast.

"My darling, my darling; how frightened I am, only to think of it. How could I ever have become reconciled to my loss? I should not have tried to live without you."

He kissed her lips again and again.

"Sorrow can never kill—the nature that suffers most deeply, gives the sweetest outward tokens."

"How strangely you talk, my love. You surely do not doubt my sincerity?"

"No—I believe you love me, Gerard, and that is why I would make any sacrifice for your sake, even though I broke my own heart."

"My precious one! How good and kind you are."

"Don't, don't, Gerard, I cannot bear to hear you talk so!"

She released herself from his arms, reaching to the fullest extent the words Mr. Evans had spoken to her that fair May morning. "While your lips are forming sweet words for him, your heart, your womanly, unselfish heart, will be always crying—'Theodore, Theodore!'" It was as he had said; the wall rose up from her heart—she could not drown it in the waves of Gerard's love. Yet she clung frantically to her mistaken sense of duty—hoping that it would yet carry her safely through the storm.

## CHAPTER III.

The first day of November—a cold, dismal day, wrapped in this gray robes and bound with leaden clouds. The orchard trees stood up bare and shivering, only a few blue birds and some little brown wrens, were left to write music upon the new sheet of the heavy-hearted month. In the garden were withered cypripediums and dead dahlias—the lace-work of frost had adorned only to destroy them. The once stately, golden rods in the fence corners and upon the hill-sides, were like so many soiled and crumpled feathers—the fields that had been yellow with ripened wheat, were stripped of their treasures, and only the hard and scraggy stubble were left behind—corn fields held up their old dead stalks, and their shifty, broken spears of unsharpened fodder. Everywhere was written the death-agonies of autumn.

A pale, and free—a fine new woman came from the shadows that troubled the twilight, and was constantly flitting; eyes in whose

## THE LATEST GEMMATH.

## BY ARTHUR.

Wm. Baker, that said a wild youngling;

—that she would not see—

—Theodore Evans? Did

these leaden clouds hold him within their

hazy, or had his spirit soared for above

them into the fearful, unknown future? After

she had passed through "the dark valley

and shadow of death," would a spirit

possessed and shining, walk her through the

poorly gates of heaven? Would there be

marriages of the soul in the "Celestial City,"

or would the vows made upon earth last all

through eternity? The thought was dreadful;

she could sacrifice all the joys and hopes

of her girlhood—all the happiness of a

lifetime, but to go on so forever and forever!

An earnest prayer for aid and right-coming

came up from the altar of her heart.

"Oh, my God, guide and help me! I

grow blind, and weak, and faltering; be

Thou my eyesight and my strength, and

teach my feet the path they must walk in."

She paused, as if waiting for her position

to ascend to the throne of mercy; then the

troubled look slowly died out of her face, and

a new light and awe seemed to steal upon

her. A something dark passed from her

soul, and the dawn of a new day was

heralded.

Her favorite cat, who had followed her in

her walk, rubbed itself around her feet. She

stepped and crossed it half unconsciously.

Then she retraced her steps, walking firmly

and swiftly, not pausing to listen to the

songs of the blue-birds, or the chirping of

the wrens. She went to her own room, laid

off her bonnet and shawl, and taking up her

sewing, she lightly drew into the sitting-

room, where her mother sat knitting. There

was a new cheerfulness in her face, a new

resolve that told of strength that would not

waver.

Her mother looked up in pleased surprise,

feeling the change that had come over Mad-

eline, yet neither spoke as they sat engaged

with their work. There was that silence

between them that speaks of perfect under-

standing; that is sweeter with those we love

than many spoken words.

After a while Mr. Heath—Madeline's father,

came in with the morning paper, and

sat down to read the latest war news. Presently

he spoke, half to them, half to himself.

"Poor fellow! I'm sorry—he was a noble

man; a little world-hardened, perhaps, but

there are few left like him."

Madeline looked up, wondering.

"Who, father? What is it?"

"You remember Theodore Evans? He

was killed two days ago, in a skirmish near

Holly Springs. Another brave man gone to

his final home."

"Will you let me see the paper, father?"

He handed it to her, and for the next

hour she sat reading it over and over to herself.

"Killed—Theodore Evans, private."

The words were written in her heart with

a pen of fire. Her father watched her white

face for a while in silent wonder, then

thinking she would be best alone, quietly

left the apartment. After a long while she

got up, folding the paper up with precision

and care, and went to her own room. She

did not come down again till tea was ready;

when she did come, there were no traces of

tears upon her face.

Gerard Reynolds came in as the lamps

were being lighted. He drew Madeline's

face to his and kissed it.

"Not quite a month, and then Madeline

will be my wife."

She looked up into his face with unspeak-

able sadness.

"This month and many more will pass,

and yet I shall not be your wife, Gerard."

"What do you mean, dear love? I cannot

believe you know what you are saying."

"I mean that I do not love you, Gerard;

that I can never be other than sister or

friend to you."

He groaned aloud; his face as white as if

death had touched it.

"Madeline, darling, do you wish to break

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## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 26, 1863.

RECEIVED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

JOB PRINTING OFFICE is prepared to print

Books, Pamphlets, Newspapers, Catalogues,

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Apply at the Job Office, No. 106 Endicott

Alley, below Chestnut Street. (Hudson's Alley

runs southwesterly from Chestnut, between

Third and Fourth Streets.)

## THE WHY AND GRAPE CURE.

A recent number of Chambers's Journal

contains an interesting account of the Why

and Grape Cures, now so popular in Europe.

As to the Grape Cure, probably the majority

of our readers have already had their

attention called to it; but we doubt if many

of them have heard of the Why Cure,

which seems to have already attained considerable

prominence in the medical practice

of Germany.

The Germans style both the juice of the

grape and the whey of milk, the "mineral

waters of organic nature"—and these

waters are particular of by the infirm and

suffering in general. In the spring the patient

begins with the whey, continuing it

through the summer. Then when the

grape ripens, the vineyards are sought; and

during the winter, the whey, if the

disease continues obstinate, is again resorted

to.

The Why Cure is pursued, large establish-

ments being especially devoted to it, in

the heart of the Alps, and in that picturesque

region which extends from the

Rhine to the Carpathian mountains. The



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## Wit and Humor.

## How a Wag Tricked the Parson.

A late French Magazine contains an article on "The Trickery of the Clergy." It says that they will be longer before I see you again, and I could not leave without one more look down into the heart that cannot help but be true to me.

The very hand rippled under her chin, having hidden them only a man of cruel fate.

"You tell me good-bye—where are you going?"

"Where my country calls me—to the battlefield. I have been an ungrateful laggard to remain behind so long."

A film came over her eyes.

"Oh! Mr. Evans. And perhaps I shall never see you again?"

"If you never should, you would realize when my stark form lay before you, just what I have always been to you. But something within me tells me that a power above that of earth will hurl all dangers from around me. I feel that it will be so, because I shall pray so fervently that God will spare me; that He will bring me back safely to my little girl, and because I know she will pray for me."

His low, solemn voice accorded well with the sadness in her heart. There arose before her mind a vision of the far-off battlefield, the roar of cannon and the flowing of blood. Her soul sickened. She feared he would send her agony in her face.

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"It will be best, perhaps. The dark, sad forest is emblematic of our present—the warmth and sunshine lying beyond it is the future. We have not come to that yet—it will come to us when we are fully prepared for it. I have faith and hope. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Another word she could not have uttered and he waited to hear no other. He saw but a moment as his form was hid from her view, and she was left alone the dead serpent at her feet. By throwing herself prostrate on the ground and weeping out the agony of her soul upon her; but she slowly, slowly retracing her steps, her face was as you slothfully

Gerard Reynolds took her hand and discovered as accepted love

pale, weary face, the house of "Never," by

"You have—By-and-by."

love. I will

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not go

month AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "SHOULDY AUDLER'S SECRET," &c.

CHAPTER XLIX.

DEPARTED.

The letter written by the old man to his

to whom was read aloud by Miss Sarah

the presence of the eager assembly.

among all those anxious listeners there was

one who listened more intently than Gil-

bert Monckton.

Maurice de Crespiigny's letter was not a

long one.

MY DEAR NIECES—SARAH, LAVINIA, AND

ELLEN,—

"You will all three be perhaps much

surprised at the manner in which I have dis-

posed of my estate, both real and personal;

but believe me, that in acting as I have

done I have been prompted by no unkind

feeling against you; nor am I otherwise

than duly grateful for the attention which I

have received from you during my declining

years."

"I think that I have done my duty; but

be that as it may, I have done that which I

have been my fixed intention to do for the

last ten years. I have made several wills,

and destroyed one after another, but they

## THE LATEST GEMMATHS.

BY ARTEMUS.

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they might have talked about things I do

understand, such as Byron and Tolstoy.

And then she took an interest in his pic-

ture, and talked about things—things

hot, and freshening, and middle dis-

temper, and things, just like an artist. And

then she used to let him smoke in the break-

fast parlor when she was giving me my

musical lessons; and I should like to know

what could play disquieted passages in

time, with the small of tobacco in their

poes, and a dainty young man reading a

cockling newspaper, and killing flies with

his pocket handkerchief against the win-

dow. And then she sat for Rosalind in his

picture. But, good gracious me, it's no good

going all over it; she led him on."

Mr. Monckton sighed. There wasn't

much in what his ward had said, but there

was quite enough. Eleanor and Laurence

had been happy and confidential together.

They had talked of metaphysics, and litera-

ture, and poetry, and painting. The young

artist had lounged away the summer morn-

ings, smoking and idling, in Miss Vane's so-

ciety.

There was very little in all this, certainly,

but quite as much as there generally is in

the history of a modern love affair. The

age of romance is gone, with tournaments,

and troubadours, and knight errantry; and

if a young gentleman now-a-days spends

money in the purchase of a private box at

Covent Garden, and an extra guinea for a

bouquet, or procures tickets for a fashion-

able flower show, and is content to pass the

better part of his mornings amidst the ex-

traneous litter of a drawing-room, watching

the white fingers of his beloved in the

money mysteries of *Dealcromie*, he may be

supposed to be quite as sincerely devoted as

if he were to plant his lady's point-lace

parasol over in his helmet, and gallop away

with a view to having his head split open

in her service.

Mr. Monckton hid his face in his hands,

and pondered over what he had heard. Yes,

his ward's foolish talk revealed to him all

the secrets of his wife's heart. He could

see the pretty, sunny morning room, the

young man lounging in the open window,

with fluttering rose-leaves all about his

handsome head. He could see Eleanor

seated at the piano, making believe to listen

to her pupil, and glancing back at her

lover. He made the prettiest cabinet pic-

ture out of these materials, for his own tor-

ment.

"Do you think Eleanor ever loved Laure-

lot Darrell?" he asked, by-and-by.

"Do I think so?" cried Miss Mason—

"Why, of course I do; and that's why she

tries to persuade me not to marry him. I

love her, and she's very good to me," Laura

added, hastily, half-ashamed of having

spoken unkindly of the friend who had

been so patient with her during the last few

days. "I love her very dearly; but if she

hadn't cared for Laurence Darrell, why

did she go against my marrying him?"

Gilbert Monckton groaned aloud. Yes,

it must be so. Eleanor had loved Laurence,

and her sudden anger, her violent emotion,

had arisen out of her jealousy. She was

not a devoted daughter, nursing a dream

of vengeance against her dead father's foe; but

a jealous and vindictive woman, bent upon

avenging an infidelity against herself.

"Laura," said Mr. Monckton, "call your

maid, and tell her to pack your things with-

out a moment's delay."

"But why?"

"I am going to take you abroad—im-

mediately."

"Oh, good gracious! And Eleanor—"

"Eleanor will stay here. You and I will

go to Nice, Laura, and cure ourselves of

our follies—if we can. Don't bring any un-

necessary load of luggage. Have your most

useful dresses and your linen packed in a

couple of portmanteaus, and let all be ready

in an hour's time. We must leave Windsor

by the four o'clock train."

"And my wedding things—what am I to

do with them?"

"Pack them up. Burn them, if you like,"

answered Gilbert Monckton, leaving his

ward to get over her astonishment as she

best might.

He encountered her maid in the passage.

"Miss Mason's portmanteau must be pack-

ed in an hour, Jane," he said. "I am going

to take her away at once for change of air."

Mr. Monckton went down stairs to his

study, and shutting himself in, wrote a very

long letter, the composition of which seem-

ed to give him a great deal of trouble.

He looked at his watch when this letter

was finished, folded, and addressed.

It was a quarter past two. He went

up-stairs once more to Laura's dress-

ing-room, and found that young lady in the

wildest state of confusion, doing all in her

power to hinder her maid, under the pre-

text of assisting her.

"Put on your bonnet and shawl and go

down stairs, Laura," Mr. Monckton said, de-

cisely. "Jane will never succeed in pack-

ing those portmanteaus while you are assist-

ing her. Go down into the drawing-room,

and wait there till the boxes are packed and

we're ready to start."

"But mustn't I go and say good-bye to

Eleanor?"

"Is she still in her own room?"

"Yes, sir," the maid answered, looking

up from the portmanteau before which she

was kneeling. "I peeped into Mrs. Monck-

ton's room just now, and she was fast

asleep. She has had a great deal of fatigue

in running Miss Mason."

"Very well, then, she had better not be

disturbed."

"But if I'm going to Nice," remonstrated

Laura, "I can't go so far away without say-



of it, life was hard, very hard just for Octave Chataway. She had in-



turned to the quarter, and found the inter-  
ruption came from Jim Sanders. Mr. Dunne



lovely, and a beautiful for the  
The coffin was lowered into the grave of  
the Treviys, and sorrowful eyes pressed  
forward to catch a glimpse of its plate. The  
inscriptions had been made in accordance  
with the will and pleasure of Squire Treviys.  
"Squire Treviys, late of Treviys Hold,  
died May 24; aged twenty-one."  
It was so. The true heir was he of Treviys  
Hold, the sole heir of Squire Treviys.  
But God had taken him from his heirship  
before he could enter upon it. A great  
calamity, some of those mourners are thinking.  
No, it was no calamity; for as Squire  
himself had said in his last illness, he had  
been resigned a poor earthly heirship to enter  
upon that heavenly one which fades not  
away.  
They left his body in its kindred earth,  
and wound their way back again. Oh, my  
friends! may we learn to strive for that true  
heirship, without which all other heirship  
will avail us naught. Fare you well!  
THE END.

#### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

We have heard of the heliographic art  
being employed to detect a murderer by a  
photograph of his victim's eyes, upon the  
retina of which were pictured the features  
of the assassin. The *Brassville Journal*  
gives the history of an experiment made on  
Sunday last by Mr. Adams, a photographer  
of that city, who, at the solicitation of some  
gentlemen, took the instrument and  
visited the scene of the late murder in German  
township. This was some thirty hours  
after the murdered man had breathed his  
last. There was a great deal of dust flying  
and a great crowd collected, which material-  
ly interfered with the success of the experi-  
ment, but, notwithstanding these unfavor-  
able circumstances, Mr. Adams succeeded in  
taking a tolerably fair "negative."  
Having taken an ambrotype picture of the  
eyes of the deceased, he then rubbed out every-  
thing but a single object apparently in the  
center of the eye; this was placed under an  
ordinary magnifying glass, and the result  
glanced the object appeared blurred and in-  
distinct, but getting the proper focus, the  
outline of a human face was at once dis-  
tinguishable. The image was apparently  
the face of a man with unusually prominent  
cheek bones, long nose and rather broad  
forehead. A black moustache was plainly  
seen, and also the direction of the eyes,  
which seemed to be looking at some object  
sideways. One of the eyes was as clearly  
seen as the eye in a common ambrotype or  
totype. Some who examined the image  
thought the man of which it seemed to be  
a resemblance had a Roman nose, and also  
had a cap. Mr. Adams is continuing his  
experiments, but whether he will succeed in  
making any clearer developments remains  
to be seen. His labors thus far are abun-  
dantly rewarded by the success which has  
attended his efforts, as it seems he has de-  
monstrated that an object was pictured upon  
the eye of Mr. Herke at the time of his  
death, and that the object was a human face.  
—*Louisville Journal*.

#### ANGLO-SAXON WIVES.

Spiridon, the spirited Paris correspondent  
of the Boston *Gazette*, thus chats of the  
members of the French court:  
"Monseigneur Bataille, a Councillor of State,  
has married an English heiress. The court  
is becoming thoroughly Anglo-Saxon;  
everybody connected with it has  
married, or is going to marry, a child of  
the Anglo-Saxon race. The Marquise de  
Pierres is Colonel Thorpe's daughter. The  
Marquise de Dammarie is a daughter of the  
Hon. Francis B. Corbin. The Empress is a Scotch  
woman. The Marchioness Caumont is an  
English woman. The Baroness de Wechter  
is a Philadelphian. The Marquis de Lavelette  
is a Bostonian. The Countess de Sargines  
is a Bostonian. The wife of the Minister of  
the Marine is a New Orleans lady, so is the  
wife of the first Secretary of the Belgian  
Embassy, and of the Spanish Embassy. I  
must make this list every column of  
your paper were I to include all names of  
Frenchmen who had married Anglo-Saxon  
wives. The list is daily lengthening, for  
Frenchmen confess that Anglo-Saxon women  
make the best wives in the world, and  
make even French houses, homes. I end  
this epithalamium by chronicling the mar-  
riage of the Viscount de Lanjuinais with the  
daughter of Monsieur Piliot Will, the emi-  
nent banker."

A LAWYER'S CAREER.—Wm. H. Harding,  
a lawyer of Lee, Massachusetts, had the  
misfortune, a few days since, of having his  
marriage published in the *Berkshire Eagle*.  
To this, lawyer-like, takes exceptions. In  
a column to the editor he says:  
"The report of my marriage, which I  
find in your issue of the 27th inst., is not  
quite correct. First, On the 20th of July,  
1893, I kept close company with my wife,  
second, I was never in Lebanon  
Springs in my life. Third, I never, to my  
knowledge, saw or heard of the Rev. E. T.  
Hunt. Fourth, The young lady mentioned  
as the bride is the wife of my brother; and  
fifth, I never was married at all; I never  
came within gunshot of marriage; I never  
wanted to get married; and finally, I never  
expected to get married. With the above ex-  
ceptions your item is all correct."

REGULAR INCIDENT.—In a lower near  
Danbury, some men engaged in putting up  
lighting-rods called upon a firebrand and  
proposed to put some rods upon his buildings.  
He promptly declined the offer, saying that  
if "God Almighty owned his property," he  
would not say, that in less than a week of  
torments, (last week,) a heavy storm passed  
over his premises, and a bolt descended upon  
his dwelling, killing him instantly, but  
doing no injury to any other person in the  
house, although there were several in it.—  
*New Haven Palladium*.

Among the 3,706,967 persons enu-  
merated in Ireland at the census of 1861, no  
less than 743 are returned as being of the  
age of 100 years and upward; 278 of these  
aged persons were men and 464 were  
women.

Some thinking that they show a  
possibility of the gradual extinguishment of  
the state of New Jersey by the action of the  
sea! At the mouth of Dennis Creek, near  
Cape May, and for many miles along the  
Delaware Bay shore, the marsh is washed  
away, according to the reports of local sur-  
veyors, on an average of about one rod in  
two years; and from early maps, this would  
appear to have been going on at this rate  
ever since the first settlement of this coun-  
try. On the west side of Cape May, the  
foundations of houses built in 1691, have  
long since been undermined, and the walls  
of the bay now cover the spot where they  
stood. In many places along the Jer-  
sey shore this phenomenon is noticed. Nor  
is it confined to the southern shore, for the  
same changes are observable in the salt  
marshes on the Raritan, and at the mouths  
of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers. This  
is a kind of practical lesson which cannot  
very well be forcibly suppressed.

A Jew has been unobscured in Bavaria  
for the first time. This is Dr. Knechtel,  
of Munich, who lately devoted a considerable  
sum to a foundation of public utility,  
and who has been named by the King,  
Knight (second class) of the order of St.  
Michael.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC PROGRESS.—  
The telegraphic cable which is to unite the  
coast of Spain with England, will extend  
from Orense to Falmouth, a distance of six  
hundred miles. Next summer the cable is  
to be laid from Ireland to Newfoundland.  
Glass, Elliot & Co., have contracted to do it.

A Moslem was recently executed in  
Sidon, for killing a Jew. Such an enforce-  
ment of the claims of justice was never  
heard of before among the Moslems.

The word "humbog" is a corruption  
of Hamburg, and originated in the follow-  
ing manner:—During a period when war  
prevailed on the Continent, so many false  
reports and lying bulletins were fabricated  
at Hamburg that at length when anyone  
would signify his disbelief of a statement,  
he would say—"You had that from Ham-  
burg," and thus "That is Hamburg," or  
humbog, became a common expression of  
incredulity.

Every kind of artificers are to be  
found in General Grant's army, and their  
skilled labor is called into frequent requi-  
sition. An ample supply of rolling stock for  
the railroad from Vincennes to Big Black  
has been improvised by them. The trucks  
were cast, and the remainder of the engines  
gathered from the debris of destroyed en-  
gines by piecemeal. Part came from the  
Tennessee roads, part from Kentucky, and  
other parts from Mississippi. From such  
materials were made good, neat and strong  
locomotives in a very few days.

A singular accident occurred one day  
at Queensbury, England. A youth was bal-  
ling at cricket, when a ball struck him on  
the forehead. In that pocket, it hap-  
pened there was a number of cigar fuses, mixed  
up promiscuously with a quantity of coin.  
The sudden blow fired the fuses, and as the  
result the throwers were set on fire. Seeing  
the accident, his companions ran to his  
rescue and quickly pulled off the burning  
garments, but not before the poor fellow  
was badly burnt about the thigh.

The burial service of the English  
Church expresses the hope, in every case,  
that the person who has died will enjoy a  
glorious resurrection to everlasting life,  
whatever may have been his character. Re-  
cently, after a clergyman had read the ser-  
vice over the body of a man of very bad  
character, who had destroyed himself, a wo-  
man came up to the person and said: "Sir,  
the man you have buried was my husband.  
You may say what you please, but I know  
that he has gone to hell."

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors  
of solitary confinement, stated that out of  
one hundred persons sentenced to endure  
this punishment for life, only fifteen sur-  
vived it!

Dumas is as lavish of his humor as  
of his money. "His wit is prodigious, his  
fund of anecdotes inexhaustible, and the  
strength of his lungs overwhelming. To  
give my English readers an idea of his Her-  
culean powers of conversation—I may re-  
mark that I was present at a dinner some  
twelve or fifteen years ago, where Lord  
Brougham and Dumas were among the  
company; and the loquacious ex-chancellor  
could not literally get in a single word, but  
had to sit, for the first and last time in his  
life, a perfect dummy."

The fact that a white flag was lately  
seen flying over Fort Moultrie is not con-  
sidered of unusual significance, as the con-  
federate flag itself is white, with the excep-  
tion of the union, which is red, with a blue cross  
studded with white stars.

A student asked the late Dr. Alexan-  
der, "What is virtue?" His simple and ad-  
mirable reply was, "Virtue consists in doing  
our duty, in the several relations that we  
maintain, in respect to ourselves, and to our  
fellow-men, and to God, as known from rea-  
son, conscience and revelation."  
A MODEL REGIMENT.—When Pay-  
master Northrop was in New Orleans, he  
asked Col. Bissell, of the Twenty-Fifth Con-  
necticut volunteer regiment, whether there  
was any swearing in his regiment? "You  
may go through the regiment," answered  
Col. Bissell, "and I'll give you five dollars  
for every oath you hear from it." The pay-  
master hunted diligently after his reward,  
with good hope, but he searched in vain.

Here is a specimen of ponder that  
may amuse the young folks. There is one  
way in which 45 may be deducted from 45  
and 45 will be the remainder. Look it—Put  
all the numerals down in reverse order.  
Then put them down underneath, in their  
order and subtract. The sum of all three of  
the lines will be the same, viz: 45. Thus:  
9 5 7 6 5 4 3 2 1—45  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—45  
9 5 4 1 9 7 5 2—45

A greenhorn standing by a sewing-  
machine at which a young lady was at work,  
and looking attentively at the machine and  
at the fair operator, he at length gave vent  
to his admiration with, "My fagit! Is  
party—especially the part covered with  
calico."

FRANK BARNES.—It is stated in the  
Prairie Farmer, that a man in that state,  
who has 4,000 peach trees, finds that a pint  
of salt put around the collar of each tree,  
is a sure remedy for the peach borer grub.  
He buys refuse salt from the packing houses.

#### WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Flour and meal.—The receipts of flour  
are moderate, and about 11,000 bbls. found  
buyers at \$4.50 for superfine, \$4.25 for old  
stock and good fresh ground extra family,  
including about 5000 bbls. part City Mills, in  
terms kept private. 1200 bbls. Family Meal at  
\$7.50; sour flour at \$4.25, and middlings at  
\$3.00; 5 bbls; the bulk of the sales were of  
family flour. The trade is buying moderately  
at the above rates for superfine and extra, and  
\$7.00 for 5 bbls for heavy brands, according to  
quality and freshness. Rye flour continues  
very scarce, with small receipts and sales at \$5  
to \$5.25. Corn Meal is quiet at \$4 for Pa. A sale  
of 1000 bbls. corn Meal was made at \$4.50 per  
bbl.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and Wheat is  
in better demand for millers at fully former rates,  
about \$1.00 per bushel, but has been taken at \$1.00  
to \$1.10 for old, and the latter for amber,  
and \$1.40 to \$1.50 for Pa. and Kentucky white, at  
its quality. Rye is scarce and held at higher  
prices, with small sales at \$1.00 for new, and \$1.10 for old. Corn is better, and about  
\$0.50 per bushel at \$1.00 for Western mixed,  
and \$0.60 for yellow. Oats have advanced,  
and all offered, about \$0.50 per bushel, sold at \$0.55  
for extra to prime new Delawares and Pa.,  
and \$0.45 for old. Choice is scarce, and not much  
demanded, but \$2.00 has been disposed of on terms kept private.

PROVISIONS.—The receipts and stocks are  
very light, and the market firm at \$14.40 for  
Western and city Pork, and \$14.00 for  
for Mode Pork, and the sales limited; 100 bbls.  
Kane Pork sold at \$14, and 100 bbls. clear  
at \$15.50 per bbl. Bacon moves at \$12.00 for  
100 lbs. for plain and fancy Hams; 600 lbs. for  
shoulders, and 700 lbs. for sides. Green Beans  
are very scarce, the last sales were at \$0.60  
for Lima in salt, and \$1.00 for shouldered  
nothing doing in Sides. Lard is better and  
held above the views of buyers, with sales of 60  
to 100 cts. grease is wanted at 8 1/2 cts. and  
legs at 11 1/2 cts. Butter is less active but  
firm; prices range at 15 cts. to 16 cts. in quality, the  
latter for prime Coshen. Cheese is scarce, and  
selling at 11 1/2 cts. Eggs are dull and worth  
10 cts. do.

COTTON.—The market has been unsettled.  
Sales reach about 200 bales, in small lots, with-  
in the range of 50 cts. for low grades to mid-  
dling and good middling quality, cash.  
ASHES are firm, but without much doing in  
the way of sales.  
BARK comes in slowly, and fine ground 1st  
No. 1 Quercitron is in steady demand, with  
small sales, at \$1.00 for low grades, and \$1.20  
wanted at fully former rates, and 100 cords Chest-  
nut oak sold at \$14 per cord.

BEEHIVES.—There is very little offering, but  
8000 lbs. have been disposed of 40 cts. per lb.  
COAL.—There is a moderate business doing,  
and prices firm.  
COFFEE.—Prices are better, with sales of 800  
bags including Rio at 27 1/2 cts. cash and 4  
months, and Cape on terms kept private.  
COPPER continues firmer, sales of Yellow  
Metals at 27 cts. for sheets and 26 cts. for bolts, on  
time.  
FEATHERS continue scarce and high, and  
good Western sell at 50 cts. per lb.  
FRUIT.—Green Fruit is arriving more freely,  
and Peaches are abundant and low, with large  
sales at 50 cts. per bushel. Apples are worth  
20 cts. per bushel. Dried fruit is quiet.

HAY is firm at \$9.00 per ton.  
HEMP remains inactive, the stock being  
nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.  
HOPS are moving off as wanted at 18 cts. for  
Eastern and Western.  
IRON.—The demand for Pig Metal is good,  
and Foundry Iron is scarce and wanted at \$34  
to \$35, cash and 4 months, for No. 1; No. 2 is quoted  
at \$30 to \$32, and No. 3 at \$28 to \$30 per ton. Scotch  
Pig has been selling as wanted at \$34 to \$35 per ton,  
cash. For Manufactured Iron the demand is  
fair, and the market quiet.

LEAD.—We hear of a sale of 1000 pigs Gal-  
ena at 7 1/2 cts. the 100 lbs. cash.  
LUMBER is arriving freely, and White Pine  
is quite active at \$21 to \$22. Yellow Spruce Boards  
sell at \$30 to \$32, and White Pine Shingles at \$15  
to \$16.

MOLASSES.—The market is more active and  
prices are better, with sales of about 1000 hds.  
Cuba at \$7 to \$8, and 800 bbls. New Orleans at  
\$4 to \$5, all on the usual terms.  
OILS.—Petroleum is inactive and dull at 57 cts.  
for refined, in bond, at 56 cts. for free Oil.  
Crude is scarce and generally held above the  
views of buyers; we quote at 55 cts. per gallon.  
PLASTER comes in slowly and commands \$4  
to \$4.10 per ton.  
RICE is rather firmer, and Bangkok is quoted  
at 7 1/2 cts. per cwt., and the sales limited.

SEEDS.—There is no Cloverseed offering.  
Timothy is coming in more freely, and farther  
sales of 1000 bbls. are reported at about 63 cts.  
per bushel. Prime new seed is scarce and held higher  
with small sales at \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bushel. Flax-  
seed comes in slowly, and the crushers are  
buying at \$2.50 to \$2.55 per bushel, which is an  
advance.  
SPIRITS.—The market for Brandy and Gin is  
quiet but steady at quotations. N. E. Rum is  
scarce and quoted at 60 cts. per gallon. Whiskey is dull  
and rather lower, with moderate sales at 50 cts.  
to 52 cts. for hbls, and 51 cts. for Druggists.  
SUGARS.—The market continues active and  
on the advance, with sales of 3000 hds. mostly  
Cuba, at 10 cts. to 12 cts. and Porto Rico at 12 cts.  
on time.  
TALLOW is firm, but inactive, with moderate  
sales of city at 10 1/2 cts. to 10 cts. the melters gener-  
ally sell 11 cts. per lb.  
TOBACCO.—The sales are confined to Pa.  
Seed Leaf at 12 1/2 cts. to 30 cts. per lb.  
WOOL.—The sales are moderate and confined  
to small lots at about former rates, ranging  
from 55 to 70 cts. chiefly at 60 cts. for medium  
and fine Fines, net cash.

#### PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past  
week amounted to about 3500 head. The prices  
realized from \$10 to \$12 per cwt. gross. 140 Cows  
were sold at \$8 to \$9 per head. 18,000 Sheep  
were sold at 4 1/2 cts. to 5 1/2 cts. per cwt. gross. 700  
Hogs at \$7.00 to \$8.00 per cwt. net.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST  
May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Deposits of  
S. BENTLEY, 112 Nassau St., N. Y.  
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S. BENTLEY, 100, Chicago, Illinois.  
JAMES M. CHAPMAN, St. Louis, Missouri.  
Periodical Dealers generally throughout the United  
States have it for sale.

Talleyrand's famous saying, "Lang-  
uage was given to man to enable him to  
conceal his thoughts," has been traced back  
to Dr. Robert South, who, in the course of a  
sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey,  
April 30th, 1678, used the following lan-  
guage: "This voice is to be the true inward  
judgment of all our political sagas, that  
speech was given to the ordinary sort of  
man whereby to communicate their mind,  
but to the wise to conceal it."

"Biddy" said a farmer's "guide  
wife," whose only fault was that she was  
constantly absent-minded, when her words  
did not always flow in the right order,  
"Biddy, now you may go and milk the hens,  
and see if the cows have laid any eggs, and  
tell the pig to give John some wash and  
clean straw for a bed." Biddy looked per-  
plexed for a minute, but obeyed her mistress  
according to her private judgment.

Many persons write articles and send  
them to an editor to be corrected—as if an  
editor's office were a house of correction.

NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.  
NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.  
NO SICKNESS IN THE FAMILY.

R. R. R.  
Families that understand the use of  
Stoddy's Ready Relief, are never troubled with  
sickness. Whenever pain or discomfort enters  
the patient they apply it at once, and that is the  
end of the difficulty. Those who are seized  
with Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, In-  
fluenza, Croup, Coughs, Pains and Aches, Rheu-  
matism, Neuralgia, Chills and Fever, or any  
other disease where there is pain or inflamma-  
tion, should apply the Ready Relief at once.  
Do this, and a cure will quickly follow. These  
sufferers of children have been saved by its use in  
Croup, Scarlet Fever, Convulsions, Diarrhea,  
&c. Keep this remedy in the house, and use it  
when pain is complained of, and no serious  
sickness will follow.  
"Sold by Druggists."

#### MARRIAGES.

On the 15th instant, by the Rev. J. C. Clay,  
at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Wil-  
liam Ulman, to Miss Sue Kinserson, both of  
this city.  
On the 10th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter,  
Mr. Richard F. Farnham, to Miss Emma, daugh-  
ter of Joe Jackson, Esq. both of this city.  
On the 30th of Aug. by the Rev. Mr. Alder,  
Mr. John Himes, to Miss Annie E. Smith, both  
of New Jersey.  
On the 13th instant, by the Rev. W. Calhoun,  
Mr. Jacob L. Farnham, of this city, N. Y.,  
to Miss Louisa L. Farnham, of this city.  
On the 17th of Aug. by the Rev. M. D. Karts,  
DAVID M. FULMER, U. S. N. to Miss Sue, only  
daughter of Edw. G. Barton, both of this city.  
On the 5th instant, by the Rev. John A. Mc-  
Keon, Mr. John Smith, Jr. to Miss Elizabeth  
Foolia, both of this city.  
On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. M. Rice,  
Mr. John Scott, to Miss Adelaide Albertson,  
both of this city.  
On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Charles Hill,  
Mr. David Buchanan, to Miss Emma Smith,  
both of this city.

#### DEATHS.

On the 15th instant, Hon. SAMUEL BELL, for-  
merly of Reading, Pa. in his 90th year.  
On the 15th instant, in Germantown, MARG-  
ARET CHURCHMAN, in her 57th year.  
On the 15th instant, ABY C. wife of Samuel  
Hazard, in her 73d year.  
On the 14th instant, WILLIAM M. COLLIER, Jr.,  
in his 35th year.  
On the 14th instant, Mr. JOHN VAUGHN, in his  
33d year.  
On the 14th instant, WILLIAM ABBAM, in his  
39th year.  
On the 13th instant, ELIZA A. wife of John  
Wheat, in her 78th year.  
On the 13th instant, MARION LEEDS, in his  
42d year.  
On the 12th instant, MARY, widow of the late  
Alex. W. Reed, in her 78th year.  
On the 11th instant, Mr. ROBERT ANDERSON,  
in his 35th year.  
On the 11th instant, ESTHER A. PORTER, in her  
57th year.  
On the 10th instant, JOHN G. CHASE, in his  
67th year.

#### PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FOR THE  
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For a list of kinds and prices we refer to  
the Saturday Evening Post of January 17—  
or any number for two months previous to that  
date. Or such a list will be forwarded by writing to  
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319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.—A NEW  
MEDICAL WORK.—Every person, male  
and female, should have a copy. Sent free to  
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DO YOU WANT LUXURIOUS WHIS-  
KERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ON-  
GUENT will force them to grow heavily in six  
weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain  
or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail,  
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The FOURTEENTH ANNUAL SESSION  
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THREE SQUARES WEST OF THE OLD STAND.

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The Proprietor will devote his personal at-  
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will open on Tuesday, September 21st, a choice  
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wholesale and retail. Dress and Cloak making  
in all its branches, and a perfect fit warranted.  
Cutting and Basting at the shortest notice.  
French Fitting and Drapery, Stamping and  
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Madame Demoret's Prize Medal Skirts, Pads,  
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CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,  
which in five minutes changes  
WHITE TO BLACK,  
or red to a rich brown, without drying up  
the scalp of the hair. It is the only safe Hair Dye  
in the world.  
Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,  
No. 6 Astor House, New York.  
Dress everywhere, and applied by all Hair  
Dressers.  
Price, \$1, \$1.50 and \$3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative  
is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the ut-  
most softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great  
vitality to the Hair.  
Price, 50 cents, \$1 and \$3 per bottle, according  
to size. sep23-cow3t

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SEWING MACHINES  
AT REDUCED PRICES  
OFFICE 205 BROADWAY, N. Y.

The establishment of Wheeler & Wilson  
Sewing Machines, which combine the most perfect  
patents and latest improvements, combined  
to produce the greatest, most perfect, and most  
valuable of all the sewing machines ever  
invented. They are now sold at a great  
reduction, and at a price that will enable  
everybody to purchase one. They are sold  
at a price that will enable everybody to  
purchase one. They are sold at a price that  
will enable everybody to purchase one.  
No. 1. MAMMOTH SEWING MACHINE, with  
all the latest improvements, and a full set of  
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accessories, for \$46.00.  
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accessories, for \$48.00.

THE HIGHEST PREMIUM has been  
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SEWING MACHINES, at the WORLD'S  
FAIR, now being held in London, England,  
with all other Sewing Machines in competition.  
(The number of medals won, worth \$100,000  
above that, is the machine was the only one  
to receive the highest premium for a sewing  
machine for the year—see Program. We



## HIT and MISS.

## WONDERFUL HAIR PRODUCER.

Last week the Duke of Wellington, when in a calm of his temper, with the modest request to "put it and send the bill." Your obedient and delighted capillary producer! we do it, and send you the bill. Your Obedient is a big bill. Although in small coin, it is nevertheless a certain item. We tried it. Following the printed directions, we made a lotion and applied the lotion. The lotion was mixed in a glass dish, and in four minutes a beautiful hair, all shades of color, had started from the dish. We applied some to our hair, and it took four weeks working before it cut down and grew away as fast as the beard grew. We put a little on the top of each head, and each head in an hour looked like a flower in bloom. We put some on a sweater, and it is covered with long, curly hair, like a buffalo, and in the coldest weather it can be used without a mitten. A little on the pole to the carriage started the hair on it like most. We dropped some on the stove, and as a fire was kindled the hair started, and the better the stove became the faster grew the hair, till the small of burnt hair became so powerful as to drive all from the room. The stove was in the barn, and it can't be seen now for the hair. Only one application. A little applied on a wagon tire has in five days started a vigorous crop, and now the wagon can be driven over a plank road and not make a bit of noise, so well are the wheels covered with soft hair. Only one application. Dressed a cake. We skinned a goose, put on some of the Obedient, and in two hours the feather-grower was enveloped in hair like a squirrel, and was seen this morning trying to climb a shagbark hickory in the back yard.

A little applied to the forehead has given it a coat of bristles, making a splendid pen-wiper of little cost. We applied the lotion to a temporary nail, and the nail is now the handsomest leather-brush you ever saw, with a beautiful soft hair growing from the end of it, some five or six feet in length. Only a dollar a cake! Applied to door stones, it does away with the use of a mat. Applied to a floor, it will cause to grow therefrom hair sufficient for a Brussels carpet. Only a dollar a cake—directions thrown in. A little weak lotion sprinkled over a barn, makes it impervious to wind, rain or cold. It is good to put inside of children's cradles—sprinkle on sidewalks, anything where luxuriant grass is wanted for use or ornament. We put a little on the head of navigation, and a beautiful hair covered it. A little on the mouth of La Crosse River started hair there resembling the finest red top grass, in which cover, sheep, pigs, hogs, swine, woodcock and young ducks graze with keen relish. Only a dollar a cake. Sent by mail to any address. One application will grow a luxuriant mane for a boy—two applications will be sure to harness the entire rebel army. Dressed a cake. Sent by mail or any other man. Amazon used it. \$1 a cake.

## A GREATER THAN WELLINGTON.

I will relate a story told of a great sheep farmer—so one of the old "gentleman tenants," verily—who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep farming, and was open to any degree of flattery as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to ingratiate himself into his good graces, ventured one evening over their whiskey-toddy to remark:

"I am of opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington."

"Ho, too!" replied the sheep farmer, modestly hanging his head with a pleasing smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff. "That is too much—too much by far—by far."

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a Southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question:

"Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, sniffed, took a glass of toddy, and replied—

"The Duke of Wellington was, no doubt, a clever man: very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good singer; but then, I've seen, he had respectable men to deal with—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I'm not so sure, after all, if he could manage my twenty thousand sheep, besides black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof of them to Perth Tross! I doot it—I doot it!"

The inference was evident.

It has been thought that people are degenerating, because they don't live so long as in the days of Methuselah. But the fact is, gentlemen are so high that nobody can afford to live to the top of the current.

A quiet and witty man combines the qualities of two kinds of snappages—still and sparkling. P. L. CORTIS.

**A WIFE MANIPULATOR.**—The Duke of Wellington was the most direct and telling member of his dog. He asked one day the client of the Cardinal Mazarin without being asked. His entrance was smiling himself by jumping against the wall. To surprise a Prime Minister in an English conversation was dangerous. A less skillful courtier might have threatened arrest and arrest. But the Duke entered briskly, and cried:—"I'll bet you one hundred crowns that I jump higher than your entrance!" And the Duke and Cardinal began to jump for their lives. Grammont took care to jump a few inches lower than the Cardinal, and six months afterwards was Marshal of France.

**READY REPLY.**—Among the attractions made of the given to the pastor of one of the Connecticut churches, the other day, on the occasion of his "wedding," (text anniversary) was a huge tin pen, nearly eight feet long, with nine capacious enough to hold nearly a pint of ink. The donor wittily said, as he held up his literary and theological club—"I did not give you this long pen to write any longer sermons." "I hope," was the quick reply, "that they may be long enough to reach you, my friend." The giver acknowledged that he was vanquished by this first scratch of the new pen.

## THE LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

"What do sailors mean, uncle, by saying that a vessel sails so many 'knots an hour'?"

"So many knots an hour means so many miles an hour, Robert."

"Why do they say 'knots' then?"

"It is a nautical phrase, Robert, used principally by sea-faring people."

"But there must be some reason for their using such a term. Has it anything to do with knots such as we make in a piece of string?"

"Well, it has, Bob, something to do, as you say, with knots such as we make in a piece of string, for the term comes from knots that are made in the log-line with which every well-furnished vessel is supplied."

"A log-line, sir? Pray what is that?"

"It is the line that is fastened to the log, by means of which a ship's speed is determined."

"And what is the log?"

"I see there is no getting rid of your questions until I have satisfied you upon the whole subject."

"I must say, uncle, I should like very much to know a little more about it."

"Very well. Let us go back to the beginning of the matter. In order to navigate a vessel over a pathless ocean, it is necessary to find out, by some means or other, how fast she is going; for it is quite plain, even to landmen like ourselves, that if a captain is ignorant of the speed of his vessel, it will be impossible for him to tell how far he has gone from the port he has left, or how near he has approached to the port he is going to."

"Any one can see that."

"Well, then, how is he to find out the exact speed of his vessel? An experienced seaman might give a rough guess towards it by throwing a chip overboard and watching the rate at which a vessel passes it; but that would be a very uncertain method at best, and would lead to very serious errors. A more reliable mode or method has been invented, consisting of the common log-line and half-minute glass, which I will now explain to you."

"I have often heard of 'throwing the log,' uncle, but never had the curiosity to ask what it meant."

"The common log is a flat piece of wood in the form of a quadrant, with a sufficient quantity of lead fixed to the circular edge to keep it steady, and in a perpendicular position on the surface of the water. Can you understand so much of the apparatus, Robert, from the brief description?"

"Yes, I think I can."

"Well, next there is the line. This line, or log line, as it is called, is fastened to the log in a peculiar manner. It is about one hundred and twenty fathoms long, and is divided into spaces of fifty feet; each space being marked or separated by a small strip of cloth or rag, just as a yard stick or foot-rule is marked by a line cut in the wood or metal. Have you any difficulty in conceiving such an apparatus as that, Bob?"

"No, sir, not at all."

"Now, then, there's the half-minute glass, the other part of the contrivance. You know what an hour-glass is?"

"Yes, sir. I had one some time ago, and I used to amuse myself by watching the sands run out by the clock. In very damp weather it would take a few seconds longer to run out than in fine weather."

"Well, we have nothing to do with that on the present occasion. All I wanted to know was, whether you had ever seen an hour-glass. You say you have, therefore I have only to remark that the half-minute glass is precisely similar, only that its sands run thirty seconds instead of an hour, or sixty minutes, as in the case of the one you have just referred to. The knot of fifty feet marked upon the log-line bears the same proportion to a mile as a half-minute does to an hour."

"Let me try that on the slate, Uncle John."

"Well, never mind figuring it out now, I



THE WALKING TOUR.

**ASTONISHED PEDESTRIAN** (He with the Knapsack).—"What the deuce, George! I thought we were going to walk? How d'you mean to carry all that furniture; and what's the coffin for?"

**GEORGE** (A Swell).—"Coffin! My dear fellow. Most admirable contrivance; carries your dress coat, without creasing it! Fellow must have a dress—"

[At the first mention of the "dress coat," pedestrian declares the engagement "off" and retires in dudgeon.]

am aware there is a little difference, and to be exact each knot should be fifty feet eight inches, but what I am stating is near enough for our purpose."

"I think, uncle, you must be wrong; 30 seconds are the 190th part of an hour, while 50 feet are much more than the 190th part of 5,280, which is the number of feet in a mile."

"Not in a nautical mile, Master Robert, which is 6,079 feet, and not 5,280, like our landman's mile. But to proceed: a half-minute, we will say, bears the same proportion to an hour as fifty feet do to a mile. Now let us imagine ourselves on board a fine clipper ship, going pretty nearly before the wind. We are watching the operation of throwing the log. One of the seamen stands with a large reel, round which is wound the log-line, another holds the half-minute glass, standing along side the former, while a third holds the log, which he now throws over the ship's quarter into the sea. The log remains stationary while the line runs out. When he observes the first mark is going over the ship's side, which is usually a red flag at the distance of ten or twelve fathoms from the log, (that quantity, called *stray line*, being allowed in order to carry the log out of the eddy of the ship's wake), he gives notice to the man who holds the glass to turn it; and as soon as the sand in the glass is run out the line is immediately stopped; then the number of knots and fathoms which has run off at the expiration of the glass, being considered as miles and parts, gives the distance the ship has run the preceding hour. If, for instance, she has taken off ten knots while the half-minute glass was run out, then she has been going ten nautical miles per hour; if five knots, then five miles per hour, and so on."

"Thank you, thank you, Uncle John. I really fancy myself a sailor. I see that as plain as A B C. I now know something about the meaning of 'ten knots an hour.'"

**SEEING AN AVALANCHE PASS.**

Mr. Francis Galton, a well-known English traveller and member of the "Alpine Club," has this summer made a singular experience. He discovered a spot on the Jungfrau range, where he might stand in safety and watch the avalanches sweeping past him, within thirty feet of his person. In one half day he saw three descents. The avalanches slid two thousand feet, then leaped two great bounds of a thousand feet more to the channel, close to which he was standing, and then burst out at the foot of the channel "like a storm of shrapnel." Mr. Galton describes the general appearance of the avalanches when seen at so short a distance, as that of "an orderly mob filling the street and hastening, not hurrying, to the same object." Something of the same impression is made upon one who looks attentively at the great sheet of water which rolls slowly down the Canadian side of the falls of Niagara. The motion is majestically deliberate, and though swift, not hurried. The noise of the avalanche in motion Mr. Galton likens to the sound of "a rapid tide rushing up many channels." The avalanche is described as consisting of a mass of ice balls, usually from a foot to a yard in diameter, which produce "the fearful rattle of the ice cascade."

An old bachelor says a woman may be surprised, astonished, taken all aback, but never dumfounded.

**CONTRAST.**—This very good reason for avoiding controversy is taken from Dr. Holmes's "Autopost of the Breakfast Table," published in the Atlantic Monthly:

"If a fellow attacked my opinions in print, would I reply? Not I. Do you think that I don't understand what my friend, the Professor long ago called the hydrostatic paradox of controversy? Can't know what that means? Well, I'll tell you. You know if you had a bent tube, one arm of which was the size of a pipe stem, and the other big enough to hold the ocean, water would stand in the same height in one as the other! Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way, and the fools know it."

**COMPLIMENTARY.**—A new member rose to make his first speech, and in his embarrassment began to scratch his head.

"Well, really," exclaimed Sheridan, "he has got something in his head, after all."

## Useful Receipts.

**HOP BEER.**—We have the pleasure, says the Geneva Farmer, of giving this month a receipt for beer which is really valuable.

The beer is easily made, and will keep six or eight months. Three months after it is fermented, it is almost equal to ale. This receipt is for fifteen gallons: Twelve ounces of hops, six quarts of molasses, ten eggs. Put the hops in a bag, and boil them fifteen minutes in three pailfuls of water. Put in the molasses while hot, and pour immediately into a strong ale cask, which can be made perfectly airtight, and put in the remainder of the water cold. Let the mixture stand until cool, and then add the eggs. This beer will not ferment in cold weather unless put in quite a warm place.

**ANNEALING GLASS.**—An ingenious and simple mode of annealing glass has been some time in use by chemists. It consists in immersing the vessel in cold water gradually heated to the boiling point, and suffered to remain till cold, when the glass will be rejoined and the vessel fit for use. Should the glass be exposed to a higher temperature than that of boiling water, it will be necessary to immerse it in oil.

**APPLES IN STRIP.**—Pare and core some hard apples and throw them into a basin of water; as they are done, clarify as much leaf sugar as will cover them; put the apples in along with the juice and rind of a lemon, and let them simmer till they are quite clear; care must be taken not to break them; place them on the dish they are to appear upon at table, and pour the syrup over. These are for immediate use.

**CANNING GREEN CORN AND TOMATOES.**—A. L. Wood, of Ohio, communicates the following, which he says is a successful mode of canning green corn and tomatoes, to the Country Gentleman:—

Cut the corn from the cob when it is in the stage order for roasting ears, and put it on and cook it three-quarters of an hour over a good fire, or until it is done. Then have your tomatoes pared and put in two equal measures of them, with one of the corn, and bring them all to a hard boil, or as hot as fruits are usually made when put up airtight. Put in salt enough for the taste, and stir it through. This appears to help keep it good; then can, as you would anything else, and my experience for it, you will have nice corn and tomatoes in the coming winter. I have tried it two years with satisfactory success.

**CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.**—A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar:—He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie singly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by the friction, hence you see the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheepskins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he says, is better than anything else.

## Agricultural.

## FOOD. GROUND AND UNGROUND—COOKED AND UNCOOKED.

In a communication from the Society of Shakers, at Lebanon, New York, in the Past Office Report, is the following statement as to the relative value of ground and unground, cooked and uncooked corn, for feeding and fattening hogs, cattle, &c.:

The experience of more than thirty years leads us to estimate ground corn at one-third higher than unground as food for cattle and especially for fattening pork; hence it has been the practice of our society for more than a quarter of a century, to grind all our provender. The same experience induces us to put a higher value upon cooked, than upon raw meal; and for fattening animals, swine particularly, we consider three of cooked, equal to four bushels of raw meal. Until within the last three or four years our society fattened, annually, for thirty years, from forty to fifty thousand pounds of pork, exclusive of lard and offal fat; and it is a constant practice to cook the meal, for which purpose six or seven potash kettles are used.

Notwithstanding that there is abundance of testimony to the same effect, there are a great many farmers who are in the habit of practicing the wasteful method of feeding corn in the ear to hogs, horses, &c., or of feeding raw meal in fattening stock. The testimony above given, with much other like it, would certainly, if duly considered, put an end to such wasteful methods of feeding. Many would probably give up feeding meal raw, were it not that they find the cooking of it quite a troublesome process. To such we would suggest that there is an easy method, which is nearly as good as thorough cooking, and which consists in pouring boiling water on the meal that is to be fed twelve or twenty hours afterwards. This plan we have adopted for years in feeding swine and milch cows, and in finishing off the fattening of hogs, and are sure that meal thus prepared is worth twice as much as raw meal.

## SOIL UNDER BUILDINGS.

Whenever soil is covered for any length of time by buildings or other objects which prevent transpiration, nitre or saltpetre is generated, and this is greatly accelerated if the building is occupied by animals, especially by the horse. This soil is of great value in compost, and will well and amply repay the farmer for removing and applying it to his soil. In compost it is highly useful. As a top-dressing, few articles are more efficient; and when applied in sufficient quantities to all light soils, and in conjunction with lime or wood ashes, it acts with great vigor, and secures a most healthy and luxuriant growth. The per centage of alimentary matter contained in grass manured with nitrous earth, has been exhibited to be greater than that supplied by an equal weight of hay grown on land manured with putrescent substances simply. It is also more elastic in the fibre and foliage, and consequently less liable to loss, as well as more easily cured. The soil under the eaves, listels, barns, wood-houses and stable floors, should be removed and saved every three or four years, and replaced by muck or some other substance which will be transformed into manure.

**VITALITY OF SEEDS.**—In addition to the old story of the vegetation of wheat found in an Egyptian mummy, the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, in reply to the inquiry of a correspondent as to the length of time that seeds retain their vitality, quotes the following statement from an English paper:—

James Blinks, in the North British Agriculturist, stated that he had recently cleared off some old Roman encampments on his farm near Alnwick, a farm which he had lived upon for 64 years, and forthwith with the barley there sown, arose some 74 varieties of oats, never seen in that section before. As no oats had been sown, he supposed the place to have been an old cavalry camp, and that the oats which were ripened under other skies, had lain covered with debris for 1,500 years, and now being exposed to the action of sun and air, they germinated as readily as though but recently sown.

**CHAFING UNDER THE COLLAR.**—A gentleman who has tried the plan successfully for five years, communicates the annexed method of preventing horses from chafing under the collar:—He says he gets a piece of leather and has what he terms a false collar made, which is simply a piece of leather cut in such a shape as to lie singly between the shoulders of the horse and the collar. This fends off all the friction, as the collar slips and moves on the leather, and not on the shoulders of the horse. Chafing is caused by the friction, hence you see the thing is entirely plausible. Some persons put pads or sheepskins under the collar; these, they say, do as much hurt as good, for they augment the heat. A single piece of leather, like that composing the outside of a collar, without any lining or stuffing, he says, is better than anything else.

**ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.**

**ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.**—The All of Vainburg. ENIGMA.—Shaker bonnets. CHARLES.—Potomac. (Pp. 109, Mac.) REBUS.—Wheat (best cut, at, a.)

**MAZES. ENIGMA.**—Permit me to make correction. My answer to Gill Bates's ENIGMA of June 27, published September 1, is not correct. If we suppose the velocity of sound to be 1,125 feet per second, (as given in the Problem), the required height is 977 feet, which is the same as Mr. Bates's answer. But if we take the velocity of sound to be 1,125 feet per second, (which is usually given), then the height is only 974 feet. Respectfully, J. B. BATES.

**ANTHONY MANNING.** Franklin, Tennessee, Oct. 10.

## The Riddler.

## ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 27, 31, is a kind of oil.

My 2, 27, 34, 35, 36, is a beautiful thing of China.

My 3, 44, 37, 43, 39, is a great battle.

My 4, 37, 35, 33, 44, is an animal.

My 5, 33, 44, 43, 35, is a part of the body.

My 6, 34, 35, 36, is a plant.

My 7, 41, 35, 47, 33, 34, is a foreign word.

My 8, 34, 44, 33, 34, 35, is a model word.

My 9, 33, 35, 44, 33, is a precious stone.

My 10, 33, 35, 36, 37, is a boy's name.

My 11, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, is a name.

My 12, 34, 44, 33, 37, is a foreign word.

My 13, 44, 34, 4, is a well known fact.

My 14, 34, 35, 36, is a color.

My 15, 34, 35, is a foreign measure.

My 16, 37, 38, 39, is a point.

My 17, 34, 35, is a measure.

My whole are the words composing the remarkable answer of a renowned French sage upon her trial.

CHARLES, Ohio.

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 24 letters.

My 1, 44, 36, 7, 43, 35, 36, is a State of the Union.

My 2, 36, 44, 35, 10, 12, 33, 34, is a State of the Union.

My 3, 44, 31, 17, 33, 34, 70, is a State of the Union.

My 4, 36, 38, 38, 45, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 5, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 6, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 7, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 8, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 9, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 10, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 11, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 12, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 13, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 14, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 15, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 16, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 17, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 18, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 19, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 20, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 21, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 22, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 23, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My 24, 36, 38, 38, 35, 36, 35, is a State of the Union.

My whole is a verse from the Psalms in Scriptures.

JOSEPH A. BOWEN, Jr.

Richmond, Mass., Cincinnati, O.

## RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is in rose, but not in pink.

My 2nd is in fox, but not in mink.

My 3rd is in silver, but not in gold.

My 4th is in age, but not in old.

My 5th is in bag, but not in hat.

My 6th is in dog, but not in cat.

My 7th is in sun, but not in priest.

My 8th is in hope, but not in yeast.

My 9th is in fate, but not in harp.

My 10th is in bluish, but not in sep.

My 11th is in robe, but not in gown.

My whole is an artist of world-wide fame.

Oydenburg.

A. G. H.

## CONUNDRUMS.

What wears stays? Ans.—Straitened circumstances.